



The Mortician's Daughter



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Chapter 1 by Kat Stanton

I sat by my window, looking out into the cemetery. My father, along with many other people, were standing around a gravestone. I was supposed to sing, but my words have been stolen by grief. Another sob escapes from where I have been hiding it, wracking my body with tears. Raoul Andre Smith. Age 18. Cause of death..... murder. He was found on a hill, a wound on his chest. I found him, as we were meeting there for a picnic, and I just fainted. I wonder if I could have prevented it, scenarios are now woven in my head like spiderwebs. No one knows who killed him, although I have a sliver of an idea. My father had never liked Raoul, and as I turned to the windowsill I saw my father giving his speech, no emotion showing. I was just turning away when I saw a letter slip under my door.

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